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The Newport Mercury,

PUBLISHED BY—

JOHN P. SANBORN,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June 1758, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest paper in the country. It has a circulation of about fifty thousand copies filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many houses in the United States, this paper is a valuable advertising medium, and is well suited to business men.

Issues: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city, and special issues given to subscribers by addressing the same to the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall,

GEO. NATHANIEL GREENE COUNCIL NO. 6, Order United American Mechanics; George S. Stoddard, Councillor; Daniel P. Bell, Recording Secretary; meets every Monday evening.

MESSENGER LODGE NO. 42, I. O. O. F., William Allen, Noble Grand; Wm. H. Boone, Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

MALDON LODGE NO. 33, N. E. O. F., Frank G. Scott, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, A. K. McMahon, President; J. J. Butler, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesday evenings in each month.

OBIS. LOCUS, No. 7, A. O. U. W., Geo. H. Wilbur, Master Workman; Geo. A. Prichard, Recorder; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings.

PENNSYLVANIA LODGE, No. 336, K. of H., Director, Andrew Jackson; Reporter, C. H. Chase; meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

NEWPORT LODGE NO. 11, K. of P., William H. Langley, Chancellor; Herbert L. Marsh, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DARIS DIVISION NO. 5, C. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain, John H. Wetherell; Daniel P. Bell, Recorder; meets last Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

The Board of Health.

The Newport Board of Health met at its rooms in the Mercury Building Thursday evening and organized for the year. Only three members were present, Dr. Rockwell being confined by illness and Mr. Franklin having declined to serve another year.

Dr. C. F. Barker was re-elected President and Dr. F. H. Rankin, Secretary. Capt. George C. Shaw was chosen as the Board's nominee for executive officer, vice Mr. C. W. Corbett, the present incumbent, and his nomination will be sent to the City Council Tuesday night for confirmation.

Mr. Corbett, the retiring executive officer, has held the position for two years, and it is understood, has given good satisfaction, but, unfortunately for him the office has become a political one. Two years ago the Democrats elected a partisan Board of Health for the sole purpose of getting at this office and succeeded in having Mr. Kaul, who had given the highest satisfaction, replaced by Mr. Corbett, and now that the Republicans are in power, Mr. Corbett has to take a turn.

Capt. Shaw, the new nominee, is a veteran of the late war, an efficient and highly popular officer of the Artillery Company and is in every way qualified to fill the position of Executive Officer of the Board of Health.

Mrs. Jane R. Allan, widow of the late William Allan, whose death occurred less than a fortnight ago, died at her residence on Spring street Monday. She had been an invalid for many years, but her death was undoubtedly hastened by the death of her husband. Mrs. Allan was a sister of Mrs. Henry H. Young of this city and Mrs. John Simmons of Bristol. She leaves three sons, Messrs. Joseph S. and W. Russell Allan of this city, and John Altan of Middletown. Her funeral was solemnized from her residence Thursday noon, Rev. Dr. Bass officiating. The bier was Hon. J. W. Horton, Messrs. W. S. Vose, Smith Bosworth and Dr. J. A. Patt.

Rev. Mr. Cutler's lecture on the Greek-Roman Religion Sunday night was the fourth of the course. Like its predecessors it was well attended and highly interesting and instructive. The next lecture will be given on the 23d inst., at which time the theme of the discourse will be "The Religion of Egypt."

The Golden Rod Social Club will give a supper at Old Fellows Hall Monday night to the Second Ward Political Club. It will be a return for the one given the Social Club by the Political Club as a result of the football game Thanksgiving Day.

Postmaster Fay and Dr. Rankin are reported as steadily improving, and the former hopes to be able to get out again in a few days.

Miss Sally Carr, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Carroll, in Montreal, has returned to her home in this city.

Lieutenant Frederick Woolley U. S. made an inspection of Co. B, 2d Regiment, Monday evening.

The wedding of Mr. Frederic Gebhard to Miss Louise Morris, of Baltimore, will be quietly celebrated early in February at the home of the bride.

AT HYACINTH'S ALTAR.

A large number of the friends of Aldeanus P. J. Boyle and Mrs. Anna Getzenuer gathered at St. Mary's church Wednesday morning to witness the ceremony which bound these very popular young people together for life. Although no formal invitations had been issued, all knew that they were welcome. Owing to the illness of Prof. F. A. Fredericks, Mr. E. Y. Mason presided at the organ and in his usually flushed manner. The ushers were Messrs. T. P. Martin and W. C. O'Neill. Promptly at the hour named for the ceremony the brilliant party entered the church, the bride wearing a very handsome travelling gown of gray with hat to match and carried a bouquet of bride roses. The bridegroom, Miss Anna Boyle, a sister of the groom, also wore gray. Mr. Eugene C. O'Neill, a warm personal friend of the groom, performed the duties of best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Grace who also gave some excellent advice to the couple just beginning life's journey together. The nuptial mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Looby, after which a wedding breakfast was served at the future home of Mr. and Mrs. Boyle on Sherman street. A reception was held from 2 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon and in the evening the happy couple left for a wedding trip to New Jersey. The persons received were numerous, handsome and costly.

Lawton-Burbridge.

Thursday evening at 6:30 o'clock, St. George's church was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Martha Frances, daughter of Mrs. John Burbridge, became the wife of Mr. George Carr Lawton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. G. Gilliat and Mr. G. Everett Hill presided at the organ. The duties of usher were performed by Messrs. F. G. Rogers, J. W. Spangler, W. A. Burbridge, C. S. Launders and E. P. Thuroin of this city and Mr. B. McPartland of Worcester. The bride, who wore a handsome gown of white silk, en traine, with veil, was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Harry L. Burbridge, who gave her away. They were preceded by Mr. Fred Lawton, brother of the groom, and Miss Josephine Burbridge, the bride's sister, who wore white silk and carried a bouquet of lace roses. At the altar they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. George E. Houghton, Jr. Following the ceremony reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother on Mill street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lawton left on their wedding tour. Upon their return they will take up their residence on Everett street.

Esther Lodge, Daughters of Rebekah held a regular meeting Wednesday night, at the conclusion of which a social session was in order. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour. Mrs. Smith, of Pawtucket, a guest of the Lodge, was noticeable among the dancers, and although nearly 80 years of age she was not outdone by any of her younger sisters or brothers in the Lodge.

The revival meetings at the Central Baptist church this week have been well attended and very interesting meetings. The singing, which has been under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Stebbins, has proved a very attractive feature and has been much enjoyed by the large audiences present.

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The committee on Streets and Highways met Thursday evening and opened the bids for the collection of the city's garbage. There were nineteen bids in all, ranging in prices from \$10 to \$900 per month. The contract was awarded to Mr. William A. Barker, the lowest bidder.

The Aquidneck Cycle Club held its second annual social at Odd Fellows Hall Thursday evening and it was a delightful success. Music was furnished by the New Hampshire orchestra and Mr. Joseph T. Nuss prompted.

District Deputy Herbert A. Capron paid an official visit to Ocean Lodge No. 7, Ancient Order United Workmen, Thursday evening, and installed the officers elect. A collation and smoke talk followed the installation.

The fire losses at Col. A. C. Launders' house have been adjusted at \$1,130 on the house and \$600 on the furniture, and the work of repairing the premises will be pushed to an early completion.

The schooner Geo. E. Vernon arrived at Velasco, Texas, on Thursday. She will now discharge her cargo. From Velasco the schooner will go to Mobile to load lumber for Cordes.

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A large number of

FOES IN AMBUSH.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

At midnight the situation at Moreno's ranch was a strange one. The occupants of the two rooms farthest to the east were being besieged by 10 or 15 outlawed men, some Mexican, some "gringo," but all cutthroats, and up to this moment the besieged had had the best of it.

And yet their plight was desperate. In the easternmost room, secur from bullet or missile of any kind so long as they crouched close to the ground and back from the doorway, lay trembling in silence old Harvey's daughters. At the door, only the barrel of his rifle, pretending, keeping under cover all he possibly could behind an improvised parapet of barley bags, kept their devoted brother, cool and determined, every now and then whispering words of hope and encouragement. In the adjoining room, connected with the eastern chamber by a doorless aperture through the adobe wall, lay the paymaster, sorely wounded, but still conscious and plucky, his faithful clerk ministering to him as best he could, stanching the flow of blood and comforting him with cool water.

At the doorway opening on the hard, trampled space at the southern front of the ranch, sheltering himself behind his breastwork of barley, but never relaxing vigilance, watched Sergeant Feeny, a bandana bound about his forehead, the blood trickling down his right cheek, the sleeve of his flannel shirt rent by a bullet that just grazed the upper arm. Kneeling on the counter and peering through a hole in the bottom of the wooden window shutter, one of Harvey's men kept guard. The other faced the doorway into Moreno's domestic apartments, every now and then letting drive a shot through the woodwork to keep them, as he said, "from monkeying with the bolt on the other side."

In planning his roadside ranch More had allowed outer doors only to those rooms which were for public use. The three which lay to the west of the bar could not be entered except through that resort or by a door giving on the corral, both of these doors being supplied with massive bolts as security against intruders, and all three rooms being furnished with air ports rather than windows, pierced at such a height through the adobe that no one from without, except in saddle, could peer through the aperture and see what was going on within. The travelers' room and the barroom ports, however, were low and large, and all the rooms were spacious. The bar or cooking room, being carried off the honors in point of size, this, too, was furnished with an opening into the corral, but Feeny's first thought on reaching his comrades was to barricade.

Springing into the walled inclosure and, bidding Harvey watch while the others worked, he had soon succeeded in lugging a score of big barley sacks into the interior and piling them into breastworks at the three doors, the one opening into the corral being provided in addition with a high traverse to protect its guard against shots that might come through from Moreno's room. All this was accomplished amid the wailing of the Mexican women and the fusillade begun by the assailants in hopes of terrorizing the defense before venturing to closer quarters. Like famous Croghan of Fort Stephenson, Feeny had kept up a fire from so many different points as to impress the enemy with the idea there were a dozen men and a dozen guns where there was in reality only one, and even the temptation of that vast sum in the paymaster's safe was not sufficient to nerve the followers of Morales to instant attack.

The valor and vigor of the defense and the appalling death of one of their leaders had so unnerved them that Pascual himself, raging, imploring, threatening by turns, was unable to urge them to close quarters. "Most men are cowards in the dark" is a theory widely believed in. Indians certainly are only brave against defenseless women and children at such a time. Not until the firing had ceased and it was evident that the defenders had retired to the shelter of the ranch, and then only very slowly and cautiously, would these brigands of the desert be induced to resume their stealthy approach. For fully half an hour there was a lull in the fight, and then, guided by the light Moreno was now able to show, Pascual and two of the stouter hearted knaves approached the western wall and held a brief consultation with the rascally

winner.

Rage at the death of their leader's brother and ally, the thirst for vengeance and the hope of securing such rich booty—all were augmented by Moreno's fiery assurances and encouragement.



At the door stood their devoted brother. All the soldiers were gone, he said, except the "pig of a sergeant" and two drugged and senseless swine, somebody among them was wounded. There were only three, possibly four left. Let his companions make combined attack, two or three through his (Moreno's) rooms, two or three rush in from the corral, and the same number from the south front at once, and beyond doubt the cursed Yankees would succumb. Then no quarter, no quarter for the men. His connection with the outlaw band was now known, and these witnesses must be put to death. Then

—then the paymaster's safe could really be battered open, then there was the mint of money to be divided among the victors, then away to Sonora with their spoil and with old Harvey's beautiful daughters. What ransom would he not be willing to pay—that proud, disdainful father! Was ever luck so great? But hasten—haste—not a moment could be lost. They must act at once.

And so Morales hurried to station and instructed his men. Creeping like coyotes through the darkness and at respectful distance from the guarded end of the corral ranch, half a dozen of the men crept into the corral. Others were distributed over the southern front. Three of the lighter and more slender of the band were "located" through the high west window into Moreno's domain. Then through the middle room they made their way, where at the screen, rocking, weeping and moaning over the body of the outlaw leader, where, hiding under the bed, shivering and praying, crouched the paymaster, her daughter, and then, barefooted, they crept into the room adjoining the bar and listened, breathless, to the low-toned instructions of the veteran sergeant. From without no glimmer of light could guide the assailants or help them in their aim. The black apertures of the doorways were poor marks for night shooting, and the more enterprising and adventurous, crawling like snakes to reconnoiter, were soon able to report that most scientifically had the defense thrown up their breastworks.

From group to group flitted Pascual. At his shrill battlecry all hands were to rush simultaneously to the attack, firing no shot for fear of hitting one another, but with pistol in one hand and the long, deadly knife in the other closed at once upon the defenders, leap over their barriers and overwhelm them in the dark interior. In three minutes the signal would be given. He himself would lead the dash of the party within the corral. Pascual was shrewd enough to know that where there was only one doorway instead of two there would be better chance of dodging the bullets. But keen eyes and ears and wits were there alert. Feeny and Harvey well knew that this was but the lull before the storm.

"Lay low, boys, and be ready. Shoot the first man that shows," was the last caution old Plummer heard before the bursting of the tempest. All on a sudden a wild yell went up in the corral. All on a sudden from north and south the assailants dashed forward with answering yell. In an instant the dark apertures flushed their lightning, and rifle and revolver shots rang on the still night air. Harvey's Henry barked like a Gatling. Feeny's old Springfield bungled like a six pounder. Two of the assailants on the south side went down in the dust, face foremost, the others swerved, broke and scurried for shelter. Pascual Morales, leading his men close under the north wall, made a pantherlike spring for the crest of the barley parapet and was saved from instant death when he fell by being dragged feet foremost, with a Colt's 44 tearing through his thigh.

In vain Moreno's squad fired shot after shot through the wooden door. Their bullets buried themselves deep in the improvised traverse, but let no drop of blood, while two return shots scattered the attack with the splinters from the heavy panels. Pleading, raging, maddened, Morales learned that the dash had failed and that two of his most daring men, the two Americans who had ridden forward to persuade prospectors and who had led the rush in the southern front, were knocked out of the fight.

And then it was that the inhuman brutes gave the order to resort to Indian methods, and even old Moreno begged and prayed and blasphemed, all to no purpose. Furions at their repulse, the band were ready to obey their leader's maddest wish. The word was, "Burn them out." Ned Harvey, crouching behind his barley bags, felt his blood turn to ice water in his veins when, with exultant yells and taunts, the corral suddenly lit up with a broad red glare. The match had been applied to the big haystack close to the brush covered shell, close to the "leanto," under which so much inflammable rubbish was stored. It could be a question of only a few moments; then they, too, would be a mass of flames, spreading rapidly westward. The stout adobe wall separating the ranch proper from the sheds would protect the occupants from direct contact with the flame. Let what could save the roof? Stretching to the high thatch close to the brush covered shell, close to the "leanto," under which so much inflammable rubbish was stored. It could be a question of only a few moments; then they, too, would be a mass of flames, spreading rapidly westward. The stout adobe wall separating the ranch proper from the sheds would protect the occupants from direct contact with the flame. Let

what could save the roof? Stretching from wall to wall were the dry, resinous pine logs that formed the basis of the bulky structure. Over these the lighter boards of pine and over all, thickly piled, dry as bone and inflammable as tinder, heap on heap of brush. Once this was fairly ablaze the hapless occupants of the rooms beneath might as well be under the grating of some huge furnace.

High in air shot the leaping flames. Far and wide over the desert spread the lurid glare. Screaming with terror, the women of Moreno's household were already dragging into the corral their few treasures and rushing back for such raiment as they could save. Far over at the corral gate, where the bullets of the besieged could not find them, Pascual Morales and his exulting band were gathered, the chief lying upon his scarpes, with bloody bandages about his leg, his followers dancing about him in frantic glee, all keeping carefully out of range of the black doorways, yet three or four crack shots lay flat in the ends, their rifles covering the now glaring fronts of the threatened rancho, ready to shoot down, Indianlike, the wretched garrison when driven out.

It was at this juncture that from somewhere in the middle room, behind Moreno's heavy door, a voice was heard: "Hand out the safe. Hand out your money now, and we'll leave you in peace. Every man of us will ride away, and you can come out as soon as we are gone. Answer, for you have no time to lose."

"Answer him, you!" shouted Feeny to Mr. Dawes. "Send a shot through and hit him if you can."

But before the clerk could drop the fan with which he was striving to revive his fainting chief, the young fellow from Harvey's party, he who was stationed at the north door and had been so fortunate as to shoot Morales himself, now suddenly sprang from his covert, and placing the muzzle of his Henry rifle close to the door deliberately

opened three slabs in quick succession through the splintering woodwork, and in the confusion and dismay which resulted was able to leap nimbly into his corner again before the answering shots could come.

"Take that for your answer!" shouted Feeny again, "you black hearted, black bellied thief, and take this, too, bad son to you! Every dollar of that money's in greenbacks that'll burn as fast as tissue, and if you want it come and get it now. 'Tis you that's got no time to lose. Come and get it, I say, for the soul of St. Patrick you'll never have another chance. I am sure as you let that fire reach this ranch and burn those young fellows—old Harvey's daughters that never did ye a harm in the world—every dollar in the safe goes black into the fire, and sorrow will have you for all your pains. Ain't that so, paymaster? Sure the government ought to be mighty glad of the chance of saving all those promises to."

"Bravo, Feeny!" shouted young Harvey again. "We're not smoked out yet, by a good deal," he added in lower tones. "But if the worst comes to the worst we can make a rush for the barley stuck in the corral. I'd still, Ruth, little sister, it won't be any time now before the soldiers will come galloping to us." And, hiding her terror-stricken face in her sister's breast, the girl obeyed.

Out at the corral gate meantime a venomous council was being held. Feeny's bold defiance and threat had produced their effect. His voice had rung out above the roar of the flames, and what Morales could not hear was promptly reported by those who had crawled up nearer to the bar and could understand every word. Even hampered by the care of their helpless women, the defense was undismayed. The little garrison was fighting with magnificent hope and courage.

Beyond the wounding of one of their number, no impression apparently had been made, whereas the bandits had a sorry loss to contemplate. Ramon shot dead, Pascual crippled and the two "gringos," the daring, enterprising leaders of the attack, painfully wounded, one probably mortally so. And now, with the flames lighting up the whole valley between the Picacho and the Christobal, with cavalry known to be out in several squads within easy march, some of the men were already weakening. They had had enough of it and were quite ready to slink away, but Pascual was a raging lion. Revenge for the death of his brother writhed over his own crippled condition, fury at the failure of the assault and hatred on general principles of all honest means and honest men, all prompted him to order and enforce a renewal of the attack, all served toadden him to such a degree that even burning his adversaries to death seemed simply a case of serving them right. What cared he that two of the besieged were fair young girls—noncombatants? They were George Harvey's daughters, and that in itself was enough to bring balm to his soul and well nigh cause him to forget his physical ills.

Put yourself in his place. Death for him, perhaps for them—dishonor anyway—was all they could look for if no rescue came. Was it not his duty to his parents, to his sisters, even to God, to accept these terms—to withdraw his little force? Why should he be perfiling such precious lives and names in the defense of a government official who had been so wretched as to part with his guard and put himself and his funds in such a predicament? From the other room, in which the major now lay, feebly moaning, no word of remonstrance came. Even in their extremity, then, the soldiers of the government would not urge that he stay and encounter further peril in their defense. One of the drugged troopers was beginning to regain some atom of sense, and sitting up miserably asking what had happened, what was the matter now.

"Goo and dose water over your d—d worthless head, Mullin," he heard the sergeant say. So Feeny was evidently alert as ever and must have heard the proposition from without. At his feet, babbled close to the floor where the thick smoke was least distressing, Fanny and Ruth still clung to one another, the latter trembling at the sound of the voice from without. But Fanny had quickly, eagerly, raised her head to listen. For a moment no reply was made. Then came the impatient query: "Harvey, do you hear? You have no time to lose. You have but a minute in which to answer."

"Major," he burst forth at last in an agony of doubt, "you hear what they say, you see how I am fixed. If I were here alone, you would never need to ask my services—I'd fight with you to the bitter end—but think of my father, my mother, if anything befalls my sisters. Can nothing be done?"

"I fear he cannot hold out long, Mr. Harvey," muttered the clerk. "I don't if he heard or understood you."

"Well, why not let them have the safe if they'll guarantee that that is all they want? How much have you there? I feel sure my father would make it good."

"There's over \$25,000, Mr. Harvey."

"Well, if it was only 25 cents, Mr. Ned Harvey, all I've got to say is devil a wan would they get so long as I could lead a shot or pull a trigger. Go you, if you will. Take the ledges by all means if you think it safer, but before I'd trust the wan sister I over

(Continued on third page.)



Miss Lizzie May Davis

"Nervous Prostration"

Was brought on by a very severe attack of the grippe; had Cold Chills almost every day. What five doctors could not do, three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I am well and I believe I should not now be ill if it were not for Hood's Sarsaparilla." Miss Lizzie May Davis, Haviland, Mass. N. R. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the Liver and bowels. See

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ANCKER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and familiar to us all that it seems a work of supererogation to advise it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

THE CASTOR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous.

R. W. Curry,
Contractor & Builder.

JOBBING

Of all kinds promptly done at reasonable rates. Estimates given on all work when desired.

CARPENTER SHOP—51 MILL STREET,
RESIDENCE—HOFMAN PLACE,
6-15

Newport Laundry
Entirely Remodeled under a
New Management.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffe,
A Special Feature.

Family Washing

By the Week or Month.

Feather Beds and Mattresses renovated and made over.

Draperies, Carpets,
Rugs, Furniture.

Cleaned and Disinfected in NAPHTHA.
Blankets scoured without shrinking.

Hot, Cold & Steam Baths.

Everything first-class. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Capacity UNLIMITED. Seed for Office & Works, cor. Pond Avenue and Warner street.

F. M. VINCENT, Manager.

READY! SOME REASONS READY!

Why Yunnan Oil Company's Lubricating Oils Should Hold the Precedence Above all Others.

They are made from all the products of the Franklin Oil Wells, which are the richest on the North American continent.

They are refined by the Yunnan Process, which always insures uniformity of quality.

They are Durable, Reliable and Economical.

They will save the greatest amount of fuel.

They will give the greatest gain in power.

They will show the greatest economy in the consumption of coal.

THEY HAVE NO RIVAL!

They have been subjected to the most rigid competitive tests, and have never been equaled.

Their use extends to the northern parts of the globe, all abiding in their praise. M. Railways, Steamboat Companies, Engineers of Stationary Engines testify to the above facts.

Oils consistent with purity of oils.

Try them and prove for yourselves. Mail orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

VACUUM OIL CO.,

45 PURCHASE STREET,
10-21-11 BOSTON, MASS.

A GOOD STEEL ROOF

3 Cts. per Square Foot.

Written to

The Berlin Iron Bridge Co. East Berlin, Conn., 7-8-6m

PIANOS TO RENT

For the Season.

A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER,

CREAM WOVE AND LAID, AT

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs.

John Rogers,

The Mercury.

JOHN P. BAYSBY, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.

EDITORIAL NOTES

La Grippe patients are still numerous about the city.

Neighbor Pearce of the Enterprise is presenting his patron with a handsome almanac for 1894.

Protests against the Wilson bill are being received in Washington by the e

They say Secretary Carlisle has been offered a salary of \$25,000 a year to leave the treasury department. Why don't he take it. He can be spared.

There may be more votes on the Democratic side of the House, but there are more brains on the Republican side, as recent speeches amply show.

Morse of Massachusetts is an old fashioned fellow, but he is "sound on the goose" and he has a way of both ering the Democrats of the House very effectively.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada during the year 1893, as compiled from the daily records, foot up the enormous sum of \$155,115,875, exceeding those of 1892 by \$23,800,000.

The victory on the United Supreme Court bench continues to occupy considerable attention and since Mr. Hornblower's rejection candidates for the position have become numerous.

The fire and railroad disasters have begun their records for 1894 and with every promise of discounting those of 1893. And a large majority of the worst of these disasters is shown to be the result of human carelessness!

The Wilson bill is likely to meet its death in the Senate. They say Hill is working slyly against it and that the Hornblower defeat was the result of a bargain for opposition to the president's tariff reform policy.

The largest petition ever gotten up is that now in Chicago, in charge of Miss Alice Diggs. It is addressed to the governors of the world for the prohibition of the traffic in liquor and opium, is signed by over 4,000,000 people, is estimated to be fifteen miles long and has circulated for eight years in more than fifty countries.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, speaking of the Populist attitude on the Wilson bill, says: "There is nothing in the bill for the farmers, who are the rank and file of my party; on the contrary, nearly all the advantages given to the farmers by the McKinley tariff are taken away from them. I shall not vote for it."

The tidings from Brazil continue to be very much of a "see saw" nature. One day the federals are up and before we have time to digest the news, lo, and behold, the rebels are confident of success. At last accounts Admiral Mello declared that his flagship could whip the whole fleet which Paixoto has prepared to blow up the rebels. So it goes.

Some stamp in Chicago recently inserted an advertisement in a daily paper that one of the large firms of that city wanted to employ 800 men. The next day over 2,000 men applied at the headquarters of the firm seeking work, when they were told that the advertisement had been inserted without their authority. A man who would perpetrate such a joke (?) as that ought to be severely punished. But the incident goes to show how many unemployed there must be in that great city.

Governor Mitchell of Florida, has made himself popular with the best class of people in this country by the firmness he has shown in preventing the Corbett-Mitchell fight within the borders of the state. If the chief magistrate of a state has no authority to present a gladiatorial contest, like that proposed, it is high time he had, and we are glad there is one governor who has had the pluck to act up to his convictions of duty, regardless of the threats of prize fighters and their sympathizers.

There are people mean enough to rejoice over the misfortunes of Com. E. T. Gerry, who, as president of the society to prevent cruelty to children, has made himself quite obnoxious to those interested pecuniarily in the money made by talented wits. Last year Com. Gerry's house in Newport was robbed. Suspicion falling upon a young English woman, Margaret Limbeck by name, she was detained two hours by the police. There was no evidence to hold her longer. This young woman has now brought a suit against Com. Gerry for false arrest, laying damages at the modest sum of \$50,000.

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If Not, Why Not?

The Farmer's Alliance of Colorado have made a proposition and a wise one. Their action in petitioning Congress to take measures to relieve the present distress by ordering the building of reservoirs and irrigating canals along and near the crest of the east and west slopes of the Rocky Mountains, is commendable. This work if authorized and commenced at once will accomplish two good ends: it will provide work for a very great number of unemployed wage-earners and it will add largely to the acreage of farming lands and make them available for settlement. It is a work that would become necessary in a very few years, to make government lands available for agricultural purposes, and there is no objection to its being done now.

The only argument that can be urged against this plan is the present financial state of the government. But despite the fears of over prudent people, there is no danger of national bankruptcy. Our credit, since the repeal of the Sherman act is as good as the best, and an issue of bonds to the amount of five hundred millions would not disturb it in the least. But no such sum is needed. Two or three millions would give employment to a large number of men and would be as much as could be profitably expended at the start. Why then should our legislators hesitate? There is an old proverb which says, "he gives twice who gives quickly," and a bill passed now authorizing the commencement of work at once would result in the employment of many workmen by the beginning of March.

Probably labor will not need the chance to earn wages for many years as much as it does now and the reclamation of millions of acres is made possible by this work. We can see no reasonable objection to it, especially as the whole country feels kindly toward the sufferers of Colorado and would like to assist them out of their distress. The Farmer's Alliance have shown more sense in this matter than we have heretofore given them credit for and we congratulate them on their new departure.

In the death of Hon. Edwin Moton, which occurred at his home in Providence Thursday, the State loses an honorable and widely known citizen. He was a lawyer of prominence, served in the late war as Colonel of the 31 R. I. regiment, heavy artillery, was a member of the house of representatives before the rebellion and of both branches after the war, being speaker of the House in 1873 and 1874. He was a member of Prescott Post, No. 1, G.A.R., at the time of his death, and had been Department Commander for Rhode Island.

"I took many remedies and employed several physiæns, but received no permanent benefit, was induced to take Dr. Green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and after using six bottles I found it had done wonders for me. I now feel strong and well and can walk a couple of miles.

"My stomach does not trouble me and I am not chilly. My catarrh has entirely disappeared. I am so well that I am assisting my husband in the office and help in other ways. I go home I hope any one that is not will try Dr. Green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

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A Beautiful Dawning.

Light Sprung From The Darkness.

A Grand Awakening Which Shall Last Forever.

A Brighter Outlook Than The World Has Ever Before Known.

Changes are constantly taking place which tend to make the world happier and to cause a feeling of joy and contentment to pervade our lives. One of the greatest changes which has fallen to mankind and which is indeed the dawning of a new era of life, has just taken place in the well-known family of Mrs. Albert Blanchard, residing at 26 Webster Ave., Chicago, Ill. She writes the following interesting letter:

"My health has been very poor for several years. I would have sick spells and was so weak that I could not hold my hand up to my head. I would have to lie down on the sofa and was so nervous that I could not sleep nights.

"My stomach troubled me all the time and my food distressed me so that I was afraid to eat. I had chills most of the time and sometimes chills and fever with trembling and shaking. I

"I was so dizzy at times that I nearly fell; I would grab at the chair, and dark spots appeared before my eyes. I could not begin to tell how suffered. I was so sick I did not enjoy life and was told that I would not live long.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Saturday, Jan. 13.

Walter F. Briscoe is wanted for extensive swindling at Providence.—The Connecticut state grand endorsed woman's suffrage.—Lowell (Mass.) carpet weavers have not signed a petition protesting against the passage of the Wilson bill.—Michael Donovan was indicted in New London, Conn., for murder.—Many worthless checks were passed by man at Portsmouth, N. H.—Destitute Italians refuse to leave Auburn, Me., until they get their pay from the railroad.—Democrats were overruled in the election fraud cases against John Y. McKane and others by a judge of the New York supreme court.—Mello's flagship again fired the bay of Rio without injury.—A Jesuit college at Antwerp was burned.—There is a deficit of \$3,539,000 in the Russian budget.—Mexican rebels threaten the town of Juarez.—A negro murderer was lynched at West Union, O.—A building was wrecked by gas explosion at Madson, Mass.—Vaillant, the condemned bomb thrower, is under double guard.—President Andrews of Brown university has declined the call to Chicago.—Six persons were drowned by the capsizing of a ferryboat at Baltimore.—The Pope repudiates the suggestion that he was aware of the intrigues in Sicily.—London bankers are ready to take up \$25,000,000 of United States bonds, if issued. M. Clemenceau promises some startling disclosures concerning the French navy.—Canadian woolen men say that a reduction of the tariff would cause their mills to close.—The British government is to be asked to expedite the American mail service via Queenstown.—The St. Louis Merchants' Exchange asked congress to take action one way or the other on the tariff question.—The British steamer Indianapolis has been labelled for causing the destruction of the cargo of the schooner Frank M. Howes.—Ex-Senator Palmer reiterated his statement that General Harrison told him that he did not wish to be considered a candidate for renomination.

Sunday, Jan. 14.

The schooner Minnie C. Taylor was wrecked off Nantucket, Mass. The crew were saved.—The Tinkham woolen mill at Harrisville, R. I., was burned; loss \$45,000.—Proofs of the loss of the schooner F. Baird have been received at Gloucester, Mass.—A man was held up and roughly handled by tramps near Pittsfield, Mass.—B. F. Rynd, an ex-member of the Pennsylvania legislature, was sentenced for jail for one year for forgery.—The speed of the Machias and the Castine will not be materially reduced by lengthening them.—Schaefer beat lives by one point.—Ex-Ambassador Waddington died at Paris.—Steamer Alouette went down in the Bay of Biscay, and 12 of those on board were drowned.

Monday, Jan. 15.

Mrs. Catherine Donahue of Medford, Mass., was discovered in a dying condition on the grave of her brother in Medford.—Thieves boldly enter a Falmouth street house at Boston, cut out a portion of the door and gained admittance. Considerable property was stolen—D. John E. Conning of Boston was arrested on a charge of man-eater.—Honorable E. Hamlin says that the state of Maine will be strongly in favor of Reid for nomination for president.—Joseph Bassett of Swansboro, Mass., in a fit of insanity, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.—Luther H. Plummer of Brattleboro, Vt., is charged with incendiarism.—The Danbury (Conn.) hat strike is not yet settled; manufacturers are determined to smash the unions.—Two boys were drowned at Providence while skating.—Ice cutting has begun in eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire.—Albertina Strom escaped from the hospital at Danbury, Conn., in a delirium, and is supposed to have perished, as she was lightly clad.—Sympathy with the Sicilian rioters has extended to the mainland.—Thousands of peasants are on the verge of starvation in Hungary.—A petition was taken by two socialist deputies to the Elysee asking clemency for Vaillant, the bomb thrower.—Protestants in Uganda succeeded in driving out Mahomedans.—Harriet M. Northam died at Lockport, N. Y., aged 91. She was a direct descendant of Faith White, first white child born in the Plymouth colony.—The end of the Brazilian rebellion is at hand.—Leeds and Central Cities, S. D., are to boycott Deadwood merchants because they pronounced against labor unions.—The unemployed in Cincinnati refused to work for \$1 a day, as it would lower the rate of wages.—James Gullbreath, carpet manufacturer of Philadelphia, has assigned.—Fire in the new syndicate block, Minneapolis, did \$10,000 damage.—Samuel H. Mather, one of the best known bankers of the west, died at Cleveland.—Two men were killed by being buried beneath a snowdrift at Boulder Creek, Id.—An engineer and a fireman were killed on a Nova Scotia railway by a bridge falling down with a train.—Ives and Schaefer have decided not to play on their line, but will divide first and second money of the billiard tournament.—Governor Mitchell of Florida has issued a call for militia to be ready for action.—A man in Cameron, Tex., refused to leave a house when requested and caused a shooting affray that ended in one man being killed and another mortally wounded.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.

The financial outlook in India is gloomy.—Whipple block at Lebanon, N. H., was burned. Loss about \$10,000.—Vallant, the convicted bomb thrower, may be guillotined Feb. 5.—Two more deaths from smallpox occurred at Boston.—The George W. Helms company's snuff mill, Helmetta, N. J., was burned.—Secretary Carlisle has called for the resignation of Collector Brady of Fall River, Mass.—England has abandoned heavy guns for lighter ones on the new battleships.—C. F. Clarke was killed at the Union station, Boston.—It was the Austrian consul at Palermo and not the American who said that French money was going to Sicily.—Atchison employee west of Dodge City, Kan., have received no pay since October, and their families are on the verge of starvation.—Clarke Parker, attorney of Boston, was indicted at Providence for burglary.—Dr. C. S. Schubert of Boston was taken to the Northampton insane asylum.—Several large Bridgeport (Conn.) factories started up on full time.—The Queen bicycle company was withdrawn from Vermont, owing to big losses in 1893.—The Hornblower convention was defeated in the senate by six majority.—Nothing will be done in Congress about Hawaii for some time.—Advocates of the income tax are anxious to attach it to the Wilson bill.—Colonel Frank A. Burr, well-known newspaper and literary man, died at Cananda, N. Y.—Deaths last night in a battle near Bage, Brazil.—Mother immaturity of the Tuxpan order, died at Boldt's Park, N. Y.—The Davis Athletic club's test fight passed off without interest.

Wednesday, Jan. 17.

Vincenzo Cerfelli was held for the grand jury, with an hour for the trial of Pasquale Sacco, at Boston.—Ex-Reverend Hobbs of the Stockbridge Mass. Savings Bank was sentenced six months in jail for contempt of court. There is a shortage in his accounts.

MURDER AT BOSTON

Nellie Fay's skull crushed in by Some Unknown Person.

Police Think a Female Companion Did It—Four Men Were Suspected but the Evidence Amounted to Nothing.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—What is thought to be a cold-blooded murder was discovered at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the second floor of 6 Shawmut avenue when Nellie Brooks died at Kinsella, Fla.

The Universalist church at Haverhill, Mass., was dedicated.—Salem (Mass.) authorities have been warned not to sell liquor.—Newton (Mass.) proposes to put all wines under ground.—A workingman in the Astor (N.Y.) powder mill was buried to death.—Premier Crisp thinks he will suppress the riot in Sicily within a month.—Masked burglars seized \$900 from the safe of Schulte & Co., Zanesville, O.—Fire in a Worcester (Mass.) wood working establishment caused a loss of about \$25,000.—An Everett (Mass.) storekeeper was arrested at the instance of the mayor for running a black-in-the-sack machine.

Congressman Boutelle says the whole course of the majority in the house has been to smother discussion on the Hawaiian question.—George W. Merrey, a well-known resident of Weymouth, Mass., is dead. He was a veteran of the late war.

Thursday, Jan. 18.

A during diamond robbery was committed at Harrington & Freeman's jewelry store on Court street, Boston. A brick was thrown through the window and a tray with 30 rings, valued at \$2000 taken by a thief.—Liquor dealers resent the war being made on them at Marchant, N. H.—Ex-Mayor Richards complains that his child was shut up in a closet in a Haverhill (Mass.) school and forgotten.—Giacomo Rossi, who killed young Cochrane at New Haven, was sentenced to three years in prison.—Dr. Putford, under indictment for murder at New Haven, failed to appear in court.—William King, one of the alleged masked burglars at Leaven, Mass., was found guilty by a jury.—The committee of the whole in congress voted to immediate free wool.—Secretary Carlisle advertises for subscriptions to a \$5,000,000 5 per cent gold loan.—The Hornblower defeat is set to have been the result of a bargain for opposition to the Wilson bill.—The estate of the late Senator Sumner is valued at \$17,888,819.—Merle Polland and De Martigny pleaded guilty to attempting to blow up the Nelson monument in Montreal.—A construction fall through a trestle at Fairview, N. J.; two men were killed, six are missing and 23 were injured.—Inians at Pine Ridge Agency are dying of the grip.—Fifteen million bushels of wheat were destroyed by rats in Washington.—Oppressed smugglers were arrested, and 100 pounds of the drug seized at Spokane, Wash.—Patrick Flaherty was given a verdict of \$490 against the West End road, Boston, for the loss of a foot.—The report of the Inspector of Immigration shows that 54,375 immigrants arrived in Boston last year.—Slain is evading the left bank of the Mekong river in accordance with the demand of France.—The New York limited was wrecked at Chester Court house, S. C. Several New York and Washington people were injured.—Six of the crew of the Dutch steamer Amsterdam lost their lives while attempting to rescue the crew of the American schooner Maggie E. Wells.

Friday, Jan. 19.

Unemployed and hungry men are committing crimes in Madrid district, Spain.—Lloyd Whit, was nominated as district attorney for the southern district of Massachusetts.—The ice crop this year is not quite so good as last. Cutting has already begun in New Hampshire.—The French minister of marine refuses the charges brought against the naval department by M. Clemenceau.—Governor McKinley intends that the lynchers of the colored man who was hung recently will not go unpunished.—Representative Blane says a government bond is a tax and urges his neighbor to be the financial panacea.—Premier Crisp will, it is said, demand plenary powers in order to deal with the impending crisis in Italy.—Sir Charles Tupper, in a speech, emphasized the necessity of preserving the unity of the British empire.—Special precautions are being taken by the Boston board of health to prevent the introduction of new smallpox cases through the port.—William Murphy, ex-captain of the Yale baseball team, is said to have accepted an offer to play with the New York nine this fall and looted a train on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railroad at Roy's Branch.—Judge Blunts of Indianapolis has decided that all claimants against the Order of the Iron Bell will have to prove the right to their claims.—There is a possibility that Dr. Meyer, the alleged poisoner, may get free, as one of the witnesses is said to have confessed that his testimony was false.—Colonel Nicholas Lotz of Reading, Pa., furnished Washington with supplies which were never paid for, and his heirs intend to present a claim of \$4,000,000 to congress.—Nellie Fay was found dead on the floor of her flat at 8 Shawmut avenue, Boston, with her skull crushed in.—Lothrop P. Hatch Marshfield's (Mass.) town clerk and treasurer, postmaster and trustee of the Ventress fund, is a defaulter.—"Shamus" Malone was arrested at Springfield, Mass., for burglary.—Father Tierney has received his appointment as bishop of the Hartford diocese.—Dr. J. Edward Lee of New Haven was indicted for murder.—Ex-Governor Cheney of New Hampshire's ex-President Harrison has no desire to return to the White House.—Milton L. Worthley, who attempted to kidnap Miss Diana of Westbrook, was indicted for having in the state of Maine.—He was born in 1814. He was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in Ellington. Several years ago he represented this place in the general assembly.

Saturday, Jan. 20.

Founded an Industrial School.

FARNWORTH, Conn., Jan. 19.—Rev. Thomas K. Fessenden, a retired clergyman and founder of the Connecticut Industrial school at Middletown, died here of old age. He was born in 1814. He was for many years pastor of the Congregational church in Ellington. Several years ago he represented this place in the general assembly.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The senate last night, after a contest of more than six hours, rejected the nomination of W. B. Hornblower of New York as associate justice of the supreme court by a vote of 30 to 24. The principal speeches were made by Senator Hill against, and by Senator Vilas of Wisconsin in favor of confirmation.

Twenty-Five Years An Editor.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 18.—Herman Singel, the oldest editor in point of service in the United States, died yesterday, aged 84 years. He had been connected with Milwaukee newspapers for nearly 25 years, coming here from Connecticut.

Abandoned Babe.

HARTFORD, Jan. 17.—A well-dressed female baby, 3 days old, was found in a market basket on the doorstep, 99 Main street, last night, by A. J. Root, who heard it crying. No clue to its parents.

Broke Her Neck.

LEBANON, N. H., Jan. 18.—Lydia P. Bedgett, 90 years old, fell down stairs at her home here and broke her neck.

Gulty of Manslaughter.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 17.—The jury in the case of Giacomo Rossi, charged with the murder of Thomas Cochrane in July last, returned last evening with a verdict of manslaughter.

Train Struck Him.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Jan. 17.—James Keele, 50 years old, was struck and killed by a train last night at North Andover depot.

Reputation Major and Council.

MIDDLETON, Conn., Jan. 16.—At the city election here Charles G. R. Vinal, Republican, was elected mayor over William R. Bacon, Democrat. The Republicans elected the council.

Train Struck Him.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Jan. 17.—James Keele, 50 years old, was struck and killed by a train last night at North Andover depot.

Open Saturday Evenings.

Opposite Boston Store.

New Advertisements

National Bank of Rhode Island of Newport.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this bank, held this instant, the following gentlemen were elected directors:

Frederick F. Hobbs, Thomas P. Peckham, Daniel F. Peckham, Theodore X. Gilligan, H. A. Taylor, Daniel F. Peckham, H. A. Wallace Briggs, Augustus T. Judson, Edward H. Peckham, John P. Peckham, Clerk.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors held this evening, the following officers were elected:

President, Frederick Tompkins; Cashier, Thomas P. Peckham; Teller, John P. Peckham; Clerk, Arthur H. Poppe.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Cashier.

EDWARD H. PECKHAM, Cashier.

Poetry.

To Keats.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

World that my lips might pour out in thy
pride melody, an ardent flame,
A song was written and draped in dreamy
The loss and whet of luxuriant bower;
A lay about of worn laughter and over-
blown.
With baladesques and fragrance of wild flowers
Such as the rose, the lily, the violet of—
But thoughts are right to man.
To them this cushion'd thron'd our—
Through shower and sunshine bent for every
foe.

Deep silence in deep woody aisles where
Cool paths do luster, and where the trill
Of best remembered birds had something new
In chime with the open air that here hung still.

Through all the open air that here hung still,
Beach'd at sunset loads, vine wreathen'd oaks,
Majestic still in paths of decay;

The road—the way-side post
Where the dragon by an instant coaks
His slim wing'd eye, can

And I would pluck from out the dark, rich
mold,

Then, from the sun of noon, the long
Little stalks of barley top'd with reddish gold,
And bright blos'soms to the bushes of my song,
And with them I would twirl wheat and rye
And wreathe greatest grass the katty-kat
Breeches beneath the shades of sulky,
As he was born.

And what a gift, at which fancy bid,
A crown of mingled song and bloom for thee.

The New Year's Welcome.

Ring, bells, ring! for the king is here; &
Ring, bells, ring! for the glad New Year.
He mounts his throne with a smiling face,
His scippards with majestic grace.

Ring for the joy his advent brings;

Ring for the happy song he sings;

Ring for the promises skies him true
With which we gladden our hearts knew.

The new-born year is a happy fay for us;
We will be joyful, we'll be gay,
With the Christmas gifts we'll wrap him
round.

Then sing, bells, ring! for the joyous day—
The past is silent, the present is gay;

Ring out your merriment, cheer after cheer,
To welcome the birth of the Happy New Year.

Sunshine.

Selected Tale.

THE DEMON UMBRELLA.

A NIGHT OF MISERY.

We were having dinner, my friend Hartley and I, in the little Barclay-street restaurant of the Astor House—the place where you feel as if you are down cellar in the pyramid of Cheops, and where you can look out of a subterranean window across a stone city, which promises immensity, into that grotto courtyard, the Rotunda, and catch a glimpse of a mural camel and have the Egyptian idea further realized.

"One notion you have," said Hartley, while we were waiting for coffee, "that of carrying the poorest umbrella in New York."

My umbrella was poor, but it was not altogether my fault. I explained to him that a few mornings before a thoughtless gentleman, name and present address unknown, had inadvertently walked off with my hat and umbrella while I was being served in a barber shop, leaving behind his own, the hat a season in the rear of the goddess fashion, and with a red lining in it, and the umbrella somewhat battered and bulky. A messenger boy brought me a new hat, but the umbrella I took along. "I believe," I continued, "that I'll throw that umbrella away tonight and get a new one in the morning." A bright idea struck me. "I'll leave it by fire here," I said, and I tucked it behind the steam radiator, unseen of eye.

The dinner was soon over, and we rose and started out. I had forgotten about the umbrella. I heard a quick step behind me and looked around. "Ah, as thought! forgets his umbrella!" exclaimed the waiter, and with a grand flourish he held out the shabby wreak in its horror. I took it and we walked out.

"Did you see the pretty girl who was dining with that old boy on the left smiling at your umbrella?" asked Hartley. I had observed that smile.

"Come up town with me I said. "I'll leave it in the elevated car—no trouble about leaving an umbrella there—'ve left two there during the last year."

"I can't do it," replied Hartley, who is employed on a morning paper. "I shall be late tonight. Besides, I could not imperil my social standing by walking with a man who was carrying such an umbrella. Better job it in the first ash can you come to."

"Pardon me, but can you inform me where I can find the 'lost and found' bureau of the elevated roads?"

"Down in the neighborhood of Morris street," I answered.

"Ah, indeed—thank you. I left my umbrella in the train this morning and I must look it up tomorrow."

"You may find it there," I said, encouragingly. "The place is upstairs. A blonde young man with a puckered mouth will meet you, and after taking down a minute description of your umbrella, together with the exact minute of the loss, and the road, train, car, seat and station where it occurred, he will retire into a sort of an umbrella library, where he has about four thousand of them arranged and catalogued on shelves, and look the matter over."

"You have had the experience," observed the kindly old gentleman.

"Many times," I returned carelessly. "I usually have one or two on deposit there." I had slipped the ancient specimen I was carrying over next to the window, and was leaning forward so as to hide it. "Twenty-third street!" shouted the guard. I rose and started back hastily. I felt my heart beating as I approached the door. Then came the voice of the old gentleman. "Here, here!" he called sharply; "you've forgotten your umbrella!" I turned and took it from his hand. "Come near increasing your account with the road, eh?" and the old reprobate chuckled as he sank back in his seat. "Step lively!" belloved the guard. I turned and ran out; the gate snatched my heel as I reached the platform. An elevated guard would have had no trouble in disposing of the remarkable Mr. Achilles.

I stopped at the news stand on my way out and bought an evening paper. "Hi, there, boss," said the porter, "you're leavin' yo' umbrella. I picked it up and fled down the stairs."

I hurried through Twenty-third street, clutching the handle of the umbrella, and turned the corner and started up Broadway. I had not gone far when a barber's sign caught my eye. "This is my chance!" I thought to myself. "I got the accurred thing in a

barber shop and there will I leave it." I went in, and was soon laying my hair out, though the operation was not demanded. There is something soothing about a barber's chair; it conduces to calm, dispassionate thought; with an entire hair cut there might or might not have plunged impotently across the barbershop. I saw that I had so far been acting with too great haste. Instead of reasoning out a course and following it I had been rushing haphazard, depending wholly on chance. I rose from the chair with a firm purpose. The fresh boy handed me my hat, and I turned quickly and started for the door. "Heav'y your umbrella, son," said the boy, as he came in hot pursuit. I turned deliberately, looked at it and said:

"You've made a mistake—that is not my umbrella."

"You're sah—yo' brought it in hoan—yo' won't be carryin' no other gent's umbrella, sah."

I held the thing up in the glare of the lights.

"I had no umbrella," I said sternly.

"You're goin' wi' yo' Oly umbrella in the rack—noticed it particular when you come in." The barbers had all stopped work, and half-draffed customers were rising up to their chairs. I walked away.

"I believe it is mine," I said, as I took it and again fled, while the boy poked his big tip and observed: "Dis yer ain't de shop where we've ever mistaken you no umbrella."

Put I determined to retain my self composure at any cost of mental strain. I boarded an aptway Broadway, our with another bold resolve in mind. Eventually I decided to try the ear, though I had small hopes of it. At Thirty-sixth street I rose to get off, leaving the umbrella behind, but I met the reproachful eye of the conductor and went back and plucked it up.

I walked east through Thirty-sixth street. My plan was diabolical in nature, but I hoped for good results. It was nothing more nor less than to call on a certain friend and desert the thing in his hall. In five minutes I was in his easiest chair, busily engaged in conversation. But I do not remember of what we talked—my heart was in the hall, with the umbrella. I know not how long I stayed or how I got away. My first distinct recollection is of walking rapidly along the street—almost running—toward the lights on the corner. I reached them, dodged around the corner, caught my breath, then again stopped breathing as I heard rapid steps behind me. "Hold on, old man," said my friend, "you're running off without your umbrella. Madge said it couldn't be yours, but I told her I know better, so here it is."

"What yes, it's mine—thank you—stupid thing for me to do—sorry to put you to the trouble." Again it had wound its tentacles around me. I went down Madison avenue, and then turned toward Thirty-fifth street and walked to Third avenue. I was beginning to get desperate again. I stopped on the corner, stood the umbrella against a lamp-post and pretended to button my glove. Then walked off with assumed carelessness. A small boy chased after me, restored my umbrella, and did not refuse a quarter for his kindness. I turned in at a cheap concert hall and sat there ten minutes, but of course a bear-bespectated waiter overtook me and ate, restored my umbrella, and did not refuse a quarter for his kindness. I walked down the Avenue clutching my inanimate enemy in both hands. Overhead the elongated trains roared. I looked at their disappearing red lights, and entwining a wild notion of hurling the umbrella up on the platform of one of them. Then I turned my thoughts in the opposite direction and considered strolling it down a sewer opening. But there were too many people about for either move. I went on under the drifting clouds of people till I reached Fourteenth street. A newsboy stood on the corner smoking the stub of a cigarette. I walked up to him and held out the umbrella.

"Sonny," I said, don't you want an umbrella?"

"Meant? give it ter a feller?"

He looked at it again and then up at me, and said with virtuous indignation: "Does he take this for a fence? Noby I didn't know Con O'Connell. We're Con today? Con received stolen goods, an' we're he is now, I ask you?" He turned on his heel and walked away.

I went through Fourteenth street meditating deeply. Before I reached Broadway I had determined to go over into Greenwich Village and see what I could do. I felt that I knew every corner and turn of Greenwich. I am one of those that love the Ninth Ward, and I have the courage of my love; live there. Many others love it, and write glowingly about their love, but they are found living above Fifth-ninth street, and sometimes it is necessary to penetrate Harlem to find their homes, or even to make a trip into Brooklyn.

I zigzagged across town to Seventh and Greenwich avenues, and turned down the latter. As I passed the end of Perry street, in which I lived, I encountered my friend Officer Dooney, standing indecisively on the opposite of his dominions. I have always made it a practice to cultivate the officer on the beat where I live.

"A fine evening it is, sor," observed Officer Dooney.

"Yes?"

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Business Cards.

Furniture.

New Carpets

AND

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets and wall papers and are prepared to show a fine line of

A Little Thing Like That.

"I saw a funny thing down in West Virginia, not long ago," said the drummer, flicking the ashes from his cigar on his blouse. "A bride and bridegroom who were on a Cincinnati & Ohio train from Lexington, Ky., got off for a platform promenade while the train was being made up at Huntington, and after a few minutes he put her back on the car and went to the restaurant for some fruit. As he came into the car, he stopped for a few minutes to speak to a friend in the smoker, and when he came in to where he supposed his now wife was, he couldn't find her. He looked everywhere, without success; then he began to get crazy. 'Where's my wife? Who's my wife?' he shouted, as he tore up and down the car, and the conductor came hurriedly in to see what the matter was. As he was trying to get a coherent answer from him, an old fellow said he had seen her get off the car after the young man had put her on at the last station, and he guessed she was left. Then the bridegroom ranted, and tore his hair, and demanded that that train go back after her. To this the conductor objected, and a committee of five married men waited on the bridegroom.

"Was it your wife that was left?" inquired the spokesman.

"Yes, yes, and the train must go back for her."

"Hold on a minute, will you?" said the old spokesman, testily. "How long have you been married?"

"A week only, and the train must go back after her," he moaned, as he rocked himself to and fro.

"Well, I guess not!" said the old fellow, emphatically. "When you've been married as long as we have, you won't want to be inconveniencing a trainload of passengers for a little thing like leaving your wife behind;" and the bridegroom had to go on to the next station and wait for his bride. —[Detroit Free Press.]

S.S. Department.

Sunday School Lesson—Jan. 21.

CAIN AND ABEL.

Gen. 4:3-13.

Lesson Introduction.

It will be noticed that the seventh day has no mention of evening and morning. God had ceased from creation. Man was of the last and highest order of created beings upon the earth, but also how soon are seen the sad consequences of the fall.

The consequences of the fall were made known to both Eve and Adam. They were driven from the garden of Eden that they might not partake of the fruit of the tree of life. The presumption from the sacred narrative in chapter 14 is that Cain was Eve's first son. The name means possession, and he followed the business of agriculture. Abel (Hebrew, Habel) means "breath," "spirit," "transitoriness." Our Lord spoke of Abel as the first martyr.

It is not the purpose of the Bible to give the history of the world or a history of mankind. Its object is to write a history of redemption, starting from man's alienation from God, and the relation to the advent of the Greater Man. The key-note has been struck that the seed of the woman is to destroy over the seed of the serpent. He disposes of the race of Cain and then returns to Sodom, through which the line of promise is maintained.

Explanatory Notes.

1 And in process of time it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, also, brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance was changed.

2 In process of time: The form of the Hebrew is "from an end of days." The preface denotes the close of a definite period. It may have been of a week, lunar month, or of a year. An offering:

3 The offering was made to Jehovah, the author of nature, of revolution, and now in man's fallen state, of grace.

4 Firstlings of his flock: Abel also brought of what God had given him, first-born animals. The fat thereof: The fat parts of the animals offered. This seems to imply the existence of the altar, and the burning a part of the offering upon it.

5 Had respect: God accepted Abel's offering almighty, and not Cain's. It pictures us to imagine that the acceptance was by fire coming down from heaven and consuming the offering, but we have no information as to the way the acceptance was made known.

6 His countenance full Cain felt envious, just as all men of his type do when others are more successful than they. "Envy, fostered in the heart, is incipient murder."

7 There is great danger of indulging vicious feelings. He no longer held up his head like a man; he went with downcast features and averted glance, with a sulky, dangerous look in his face. He hated his successful brother, though no harm had come to him from his brother's success. Then he had the remedy in his own hands; it was simply doing as he ought.

8 And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?

9 If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not, sinning, unto thee shall it be.

10 he doth, and transgressest not over him. And Cain told Abel his brother. And it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and smote him.

11 And the Lord said unto Cain, Wherefore art thou smitten? and he said, Because I am smitten.

12 And the Lord said unto Cain, Because thou hast transgressed my commandments, therefore art thou smitten.

13 And Cain was grieved, and his countenance was turned away.

14 And Cain said unto the Lord, Behold, thou hast driven me from thy presence, and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth, and I shall be under thy curse.

15 And Cain said, My punishment is greater than I can bear.

16 And the Lord said unto Cain, If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not, sinning, unto thee shall it be.

17 And Cain said unto the Lord, Behold, my punishment is greater than I can bear.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

BLOCK ISLAND.

On Friday evening, 6th inst., Neptune Lodge, I. O. O. F., was visited by District Deputy Grand Master Andrew K. McMahen of Newport and staff, by whom the newly-elected officers of the Lodge were installed:

None Grand—Frederick Morris.

Treasurer—Abner E. Jones.

Recording Secretary—Ellis Prugue.

Permanent Secretary—John Dodge.

Past Grand—Henry Wethering.

Chaplain—French Headman.

W. H. G. Grand Chaplain.

Collector—John W. Smith.

Outside Guardian—William C. Sands.

Inside Guardian—F. H. Young.

R. S. H. N. G.—D. A. Mitchell.

C. H. H. N. G.—J. C. Stoll.

R. S. S.—John D. Prugue.

E. H. to V. G.—Elwood Smith.

R. S. S.—Ira E. Bell.

I. H. to V. G.—Henry Littlefield.

R. S. S.—John P. Bell.

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